

haue heere : sure they are bastards to the English, the French nere got em.

*La.* You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

*4. Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

*Ol. Lord.* There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth of fourteen : I haue knowne thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you, but I giue

Me and my seruice, euer whilst I liue

Into your guiding power : This is the man.

*King.* Why the young *Bertram* take her shee's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, giue me leaue to vfe

The helpe of mine owne eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee ha's done for mee?

*Ber.* Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I should marrie her.

*King.* Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe

Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well :

Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge :

A poore Physicians daughter my wife? Disdaine

Rather corrupt me euer.

*King.* 'Tis onely title thou disdaint in her, the which I can build vp : strange is it that our bloods

Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off

In differences so mightie. If she bee

All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st)

A poore Phisicians daughter, thou dislik'st

Of vertue for the name: but doe not so :

From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by th' doers deede.

Where great additions swell's, and vertue none,

It is a dropied honour. Good alone,

Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so :

The propertie by what is is, should go,

Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,

In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire :

And these breed honour : that is honours storene,

Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,

And is not like the fire : Honours thrine,

When rather from our acts we them deriue

Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a slaue

Deboish'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue :

A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,

Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.

Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?

If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,

I can create the rest : Vertue, and shee

Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from mee.

*Ber.* I cannot loue her, nor will strue to doo't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strue

to choofe.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad:

Let the rest go.

*King.* My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat

I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,

Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,

That doest in vile misprison shackle vp

My loue, and her desert: that canst not dreame,

We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know,

It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where

We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt :

Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good :

Beleue not thy disdaine, but presentlie

Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,

Or I will throw thee from my care for euer

Into the faggers, and the carelesse lapse

Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate

Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,

Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit

My fancie to your eyes, when I consider

What great creation, and what dole of honour

Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late

Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now

The praised of the King, who so ennobled,

Is as 'twere borne so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,

And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise

A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,

A ballance more repleat.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the fauour of the King

Smile vpon this Contract: whose Ceremonie

Shall seeme expedient on the now borne brieft,

And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast

Shall more attend vpon the coming space,

Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her,

Thy loue's to me Religious: else, do's erre.

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commencing of this wedding.*

*Laf.* Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure sir.

*Laf.* Your Lord and Master did well to make his re-

cantation.

*Par.* Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

*Laf.* Is it not a Language I speake?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstood

without bloudie succeeding. My Master?

*Laf.* Are you Companion to the Count *Rossillion*?

*Par.* To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of

another stile.

*Par.* You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are

too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which

title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a

prettie wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of

thy trauell, it might passe: yet the scarffes and the ban-

nerets about thee, did manifoldlie dissuade me from be-

leueing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now

found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not: yet art

thou good for nothing but taking vp, and chat th' ouer

scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vp-

on thee.

*Laf.* Do not plunge thy selfe to farre in anger, least

thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on

thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee

well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through

thee. Giue me thy hand.

*Par.* My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* I wish all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I haue not my Lord deseru'd it.

*Laf.* Yes good faith, cu'ry dramme of it, and I will

not beate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Eu'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull

at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound

in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shalt finde what it is to be

proud of thy bondage, I haue a desire to holde my ac-

quaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I

may lay in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My Lord you do me most inupportable vexati-

on.

*Laf.* I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my

poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by

thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. Exit.

*Par.* Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace

off me; feuruy, old, filthy, feuruy Lord: Well, I must

be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate

him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conueni-

ence, and he were double and double a Lord. He haue

no more pittie of his age then I would haue of—He

beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

*Laf.* Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's

newes for you: you haue a new Mistris.

*Par.* I most vnfaignedly beseech your Lordshippe to

make some reseruatiou of your wrongs. He is my good

Lord, whom I serue aboute is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God.

*Par.* I sir.

*Laf.* The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest

thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose

of thy steues? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set

thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor,

if I were but two houres younger, I'de beate thee: mee-

think'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold

beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath

themselves vpon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and vndeferued measure my Lord.

*Laf.* Go too sir, you were beaten in Italy for picking

a kernell out of a Pomgranar, you are a vagabond, and

no true traueller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and

honourable personages, then the Commission of your

birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth

another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue you.

Exit

Enter Count Rossillion.

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

*Ros.* Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

*Par.* What's the matter sweet-heart?

*Rosill.* Although before the solemne Priest I haue

sworne, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what sweet heart?

*Ros.* O my *Parolles*, they haue married me:

He to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,

The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

*Ros.* There's letters from my mother: What th'im-

portis, I know not yet.

*Par.* I that would be knowne: too'th warres my boy,

too'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe vnscenc,

That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,

Spending his manlie marrow in her armes

Which should sustaine the bound and high curuer

Of *Marses* fierie steed: to other Regions,

France is a stable, wee that dwell in't lades,

Therefore too'th warre.

*Ros.* It shall be so, He send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King!

That which I durst not speake. His present gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields

Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife

To the darke house, and the detected wife.

*Par.* Will this *Caprichio* hold in thee, art fore?

*Ros.* Go with me to my chamber, and aduice me.

He send her straight away: To morrow,

He to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why these bals bound, ther's noife in it. Tis hard

A yong man married, is a man that's mard:

Therefore away, and leaue her bravely: go,

The King ha's done you wrong: but hush'tis so. Exit

Enter Helena and Clowne.

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

*Cl.* She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's

very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thanks be gi-

uen she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but

yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's

not verie well?

*Cl.* Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

*Hel.* What two things?

*Cl.* One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send

her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence

God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

*Par.* Blessie you my fortunate Ladie.

*Hel.* I hope sir I haue your good will to haue mine

owne good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to leade them on, and to

keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do's

my old Ladie?

*Cl.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money,

I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why I say nothing.

*Cl.* Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans

tongue shakes out his masters vndoing: to say nothing,

to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing,

is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie

litle of nothing.

*Par.* Away, th'art a knaue.

*Cl.* You should haue said sir before a knaue, th'art a

knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had bene

truth sir.

*Par.* Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found

thee.

*Cl.* Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you

taught to finde me?

*Cl.* The search sir was profitable, and much Fo